

Semi-Weekly South Kentuckian.

VOLUME VII.

HOPKINSVILLE, CHRISTIAN COUNTY KY., MAY 12, 1885.

NUMBER 38

CHAS. M. MEACHAM. W. A. WILGUS.
ISSUED EVERY TUESDAY AND FRIDAY
MORNING BY
MEACHAM & WILGUS,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
One copy, one year, strictly cash in advance \$2.00
One copy, six months, strictly cash in advance \$1.00
No subscriptions taken on time and all papers stopped when out.
One copy free to any one sending us five early cash subscribers.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS
THE BEST TONIC.
PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT.

This medicine, combining iron with pure vegetable tonics, quickly and completely cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fever, and all ailments arising from a disordered system. It is an infallible remedy for Diseases of the Kidneys and Liver. It is invaluable for those suffering from general debility, loss of appetite, and all ailments arising from a disordered system. It is an infallible remedy for Diseases of the Kidneys and Liver. It is invaluable for those suffering from general debility, loss of appetite, and all ailments arising from a disordered system.

All Sorts of
hurts and many sorts of ails of man and beast need a cooling lotion. Mustang Liniment.

The Mirror
is no flatterer. Would you make it tell a sweeter tale? Magnolia Balm is the charm that almost cheats the looking-glass.

BUSINESS CARDS.

DR. J. M. RAMSEY,
SOUTH MAIN STREET.
Leave Orders at Stable.
IN OFFICE DAY AND NIGHT.
Jan. 13-17.

ALBERT B. TAVEL
HAS NOW IN STORE A VERY LARGE STOCK OF
BLANK BOOKS,
Invoice and Letter Books, Letter Presses, Gold and Steel Pens, and
STATIONERY GENERALLY.
All of which will be sold at Moderate Prices at 140 Union Street,
Nashville, Tenn.

HENRY & PAYNE,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law.
Rear Room over Planter's Bank.
HOPKINSVILLE, KY.
(17 Jan 1-1885)

Edward Laurent,
ARCHITECT,
No. 22 PUBLIC SQUARE,
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH
Inserted in Fifteen minutes after natural ones are extracted, by
R. R. BOURNE,
DENTIST,
HOPKINSVILLE, KY.

Campbell & Medley
DENTISTS.
Over Jones & Co's. Store.
Main St. Hopkinsville Ky.
Jan. 4-13

COOK & RICE,
PREMIUM LAGER BEER
CITY BREWERY.
EVANSVILLE, INDIANA.
No. 214, upper Seventh St.
Sep 20-17

GRAY & YOUNG'S
Shaving Bazar
IS ON MAIN STREET, OVER
LANG BELL'S SALOON.

They would be pleased to wait on all who may call on them.



The Excitement in European Politics.

WILLIAM E. GLADSTONE,

Prime Minister of England.

Mr. Gladstone was appointed Prime Minister of England, on April 25, 1880. He assumed the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer on the same day, but resigned this position December 16, 1882. His strength in the higher position has hitherto baffled all attempts of the Parliamentary opposition to oust him. He stands high in the estimation of the masses of the people, whose political rights he has recently enlarged by the admission of about two million new voters. In his foreign policy he has possibly been less fortunate. While he loves peace the necessity of fighting has been thrust upon him. There is no question, however, the mind of both Liberals and Conservatives, that in the event of a great European war, which as the conduct of negotiations between England and Russia thus far indicates, he would undertake reluctantly, he would pursue it with due energy and spirit. To him was given by the House of Commons recently the unprecedented compliment of a vote of credit for an enormous amount of money, without a division, or even the speck of opposition. An unsurpassed oratorical effort on his part procured this most remarkable triumph of personal greatness and statesmanship.

William Ewart Gladstone was born December 29, 1809, the son of a Liverpool merchant. He was educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford, and graduated a double first-class man. He began his Parliamentary career as long ago as 1832, when he was an enthusiastic member of the Tory, now generally called the Conservative, party. After holding a variety of inferior appointments from time to time, in 1868 he became Prime Minister, and so continued until 1874. He has been a Liberal, perhaps about thirty years. The growth of his broadening convictions has been slow and almost unappreciable as regarded a short period of time. His most Radical measure thus far, namely the disestablishment and disendowment of the Irish Church, was passed in 1870. Two land bills, intended to ameliorate the condition of the peasant-farming class of Ireland, have been originated and passed by him. Mr. Gladstone was married in 1839 to the eldest daughter of Sir Stephen Glynne, Bart. She is still living.

OBITUARY.

Died, on the 28th of April, at his old homestead, near Church Hill, in Christian county, Benjamin West, one of the pioneer settlers of this portion of Kentucky. He was born in the year 1799 in Buckingham county Virginia and came to Kentucky in 1817 with his father, Claiborne West, a highly esteemed and wealthy citizen of Virginia who a year or two previously had visited Kentucky and purchased for himself and his collateral relatives and friends nearly half of the best land in South Christian county, amounting to about thirty thousand acres, in the neighborhoods of Oak Grove, Garrettsburg, Longview, Beverly, Newstead and Church Hill.

The subject of this notice, Benjamin West, lived with his father for several years upon the old family farm, 10 miles south of Hopkinsville, on the Palmyra road. In the year 1823 he removed to his new settlement near Church Hill, where he resided continuously till his death, a period of nearly two-thirds of a century.

During his entire life time he was a thriving, prosperous farmer, and no man ever lived in the county who was more noted for truthfulness, honesty, integrity and kindness towards all with whom he came in contact. His whole aim in life seemed to be a desire to make those around him, even his servants, happy, and never to do an unjust thing towards any human being, consequently every person who knew him was his friend, and all his neighbors loved and respected him. He leaves two children, William W. West, Esq., and Susan, the wife of Jno. W. Hicks, and several grandchildren, all of whom reside near Church Hill.

There are now less than a dozen persons living in South Christian who were residents when Mr. West settled among them—the others have all passed over the "beautiful river," and these few will soon follow; thus one by one these pioneer settlers leaves us, and their places are filled by a new population who know but little of their predecessors. When Benjamin West died, Christian county lost one of her oldest, truest and most reliable citizens, and his neighbors a good friend, such a man was deserved to have placed on his tomb, "Here Lies God's Noblest Work—An Honest Man."

Strength, Vigor, Elasticity.

"Recovering from typhoid fever, it quickly gave me strength," so writes Mr. Peter Bourassa, East Douglas, Mass. "Nothing makes my stomach feel so easy," says Mr. Joseph Bate-man, Lawrence, Mass. "Gave me more strength than any other bitters I have taken," declares Miss Nellie O'Brien, of the same place. What is it that these convalescents write about? Why, Brown's Iron Bitters, the greatest iron medicine in the world!

Jack Bullard murdered Peter Spencer, at Olympia, Bath county, Monday.

The Editor Sleeps.

HIS DREAM.

Once upon a time a village editor sat in his quiet sanctum industriously perusing the political editorials in his city exchanges. At length that which he read began to have its legitimate effect, the editor nodded once, twice, thrice, his eyes closed; the city daily fell from his nerveless fingers, and three flies lit upon his bowed head and balanced all, swaying over, crossed over and promenade all around, to the music of the rhythmic editorial snore. The village editor was asleep; and sleeping, the village editor dreamed.

He sat at his desk with weary fingers and aching head. The last local item had gone into type, the last inside reading notice had been set up, and the youngest apprentice stood grinning by, with lines of impatience upon his brow and a clasp of ink under his left eye, waiting for copy. Suddenly there was a step without, the door opened, a man entered, and taking a vacant chair in front of the editor's desk, to which the editor had politely called his attention and said: "My dear sir, my name is John W. Smith. I am a subscriber to your paper, as you well know, and being in town to-day, I thought I would take the opportunity to call and tell you that I liked your paper all but one thing. You don't print enough matter on the tariff question. Poetry and stories and funny paragraphs and local matter may do well enough to fill up a paper with ordinary times, but just now the country is awake to the tariff question, and if you want to keep your paper alive, you've got to give your subscribers light on the tariff. You should not have less than three columns of editorial and five columns of extracts on the tariff every issue. That's all I've got to say, I hope you'll bear it in mind. By the way, I owe you two years' subscription, and one of these days I'll call in and pay it. Don't forget to let your self loose on the tariff, good-bye."

As the man who wanted more light on the tariff passed out, a little nervous-looking person came in and took the vacant chair.

"Ah," he said, with a little smile that didn't look strong enough to be real, "my dear man, I see you are absorbed in thought, as an editor always should be. And that reminds me that you are neglecting—almost totally neglecting—science. Too much of politics, too much of politics, my dear man; your paper will never grow in circulation while you neglect science for politics. You should devote not less than four columns a week to science. That's all I can say. Be in some day and pay my subscription. Good day; but don't forget to give us plenty of science."

The footsteps of the man who wanted science had not gone beyond the editor's hearing when a third visitor entered and took the vacant chair as if he were accustomed to sit in it.

"I am sorry to notice that you are neglecting politics just at this important period," he said, kindly but gravely. "You should strive to keep the vital principles of our party constantly before the people. I like your paper in all but its lack in this respect, and some day, perhaps at the beginning of the year, I will subscribe for it. I see it now every week in Brown's office. If you would write about five columns of fresh political editorials every week you'd see your paper going right up in circulation. That's what I told Brown yesterday, and he agreed with me. A story and a scientific article occasionally, and a little local matter and some marriages and death notices to please the women are all well enough, but I can tell you that a country paper to amount to anything and have any influence, has got to be full of political matters. That's all I want to say now. When you want any points on politics I'll be glad to help you out. And by the way, don't forget that I'm a candidate for the Legislature; good day."

The next visitor who took the vacant chair that sat in front of the village editor's desk, spoke as follows: "I stepped in to-day, sir, to tell you that I do not want your paper any longer. In some respects it is a good paper, but you do not print enough news matter. You should have a full page of news at least. I don't care anything about your protective tariff and your tariff for revenue only, or anything of that sort. I want the news when I take the paper. I want a full account of the murders and suicides and railroad collisions and divorce cases. Don't send me the paper any longer. I'll come in and pay what I owe you when I have sold my corn. Good day."

And then there came a light step at the door, and a person wearing a severe countenance and a shawl, came in and took the vacant chair. "I am very sorry," he said in measured tones, with a fixed and critical stare at the end of the editor's nose—"I am very sorry to notice that you are giving in your columns so little attention to the cause of prohibition—the noble cause of prohibition. You must resolve yourself upon this great question, and give your readers a page of it weekly. I am not a subscriber to your paper, but I borrow it every week from my neighbor and I loan him the Banner of Truth in exchange. So you will observe that I have been one of your faithful readers, and I know just where you fall short of making a good newspaper. I will leave a few tracts from which you should make liberal extracts from time to time. You will notice that this one entitled 'Dash the Cup Away!' is written by myself. You are at liberty to print it in full. And when I come across anything particularly good in the columns of the Banner of Truth I'll cut it out and send it around to you. You have a grand opportunity to make your paper grow in circulation and influence, and I hope you will come boldly to the front on the right course and no longer continue to devote your valuable space to trivial matters. By the way have you a few exchanges that you are done with? Ah, that will do, thanks. Good day."

In the door the man in the shawl passed by with a merry twinkle in his eyes. "A like your paper—it is first rate," he said, as he dropped into the vacant chair, "except that it does not contain humor enough. Why don't you fill her full of jokes and bright things by the funny fellows and make your readers laugh? Nobody cares a cent

for those political editorials and those scientific articles, and that stuff about the tariff you print. That puts me to sleep. Give us a plenty of jokes to shake a man's liver up and let the tariff take care of itself. That's all. Be in to see us again when I've more time; ta, ta."

The next person who took the vacant chair had a countenance as solemn as a second-hand hearth. He didn't look as if he had smiled more than once in years, and the village editor wanted to advertise a patent embalming process and pay in trade.

"Sir," said the solemn man, after a silence that came very painful to the village editor, "I am grieved to notice the tone of levity that has recently pervaded the columns of your paper and I am compelled to ask you on that account to take my name off your list. You seem to forget that this is a world of calamity and woe, and that a spirit of levity in the press is unseemly, and tends to draw attention from the solemn realities of life and the near proximities of death. Last week you declined to print my article entitled 'Reflections on the Grave,' alleging that you did not have room for it, and then gave up nearly a column of your paper to frivolous jokes. I do not intend to read anything light this year. That is all I have to say, good afternoon."

The door closed behind the solemn man and then softly opened again to admit a dreamy-eyed man with a poetic brow, and general expression that seemed to indicate that he wanted something he had never had and never expected to have. "I merely came in to remark," he began, as he took the vacant chair, "that you are sadly neglecting the literary department of your paper. I not only have noticed it myself, but several of my friends have called attention to it. You should by all means run a continued story and have from two to three short stories in each issue! Good stories is the thing that is wanted to make a village paper popular. Everybody you ask will tell you that. A little news and some local matter and the marriages and deaths should be printed, of course; but you should not let anything crowd out the stories. I don't take your paper, but my brother-in-law does, and I borrow it of him. I have intended for some time to mention the matter to you, but could never think of it when I was in town before. If you think that these suggestions are of any value to you, you may send me your paper gratuitously for a year. Allow me to bid you good day, sir."

The dreamy-eyed man went out as softly as a sixty days' note falls due, and a moment later another style of person dropped into the vacant chair, and spoke thus in tones that were sharp and quick:

"I don't think that I shall take your paper another year. You are not making it as good a paper as you should with your opportunities. You are not giving your readers enough local matter. Local matter should be the chief feature of the village paper. Everything else should be made to give way to local matter. A story now and then, when you have plenty of room, and a bit of poetry to please the young folks who are in love, and a little news matter are well enough, but if you want to make a village paper a success, you've got to let yourself out on local matter. Give the news of your own community and let the big dailies take care of the rest of the world. And, by the way, if you are a little short of local matters this week, you may say that I have invented and patented the most common sense churn that has ever been introduced to the public. I will be in in the course of a few weeks, and will then pay my subscription for last year, good day."

The village editor was just sliding under the table, and crushed and mentally demoralized man, to hide his head in despair of the waste basket, or in both, when a loud knock at the outer door brought him from his dreams to his waking senses.

"How are you, old fellow?" cried a cheery voice, and the Old Subscriber from up the creek took the village editor by the hand with a hearty grasp and shook a pain into the editor's shoulder blade. And then the Old Subscriber from the creek seated himself in the vacant chair and merrily spoke thus:

"Well, old boy, you've just given us the very best paper we've ever had. A good story every week, some poetry to please the women folks, a column or two of fresh humor to make us laugh and keep our livers running on regular schedule time, just about enough of politics, all the news that is worth a busy man's time to read, every important local event [written up in breezy, readable style, and advertisements of all the public sales, and of the stores and shops that offer us bargains. Yes, sir; your paper is good enough for me—worth what you ask for it—and I want to pay you a year's subscription for myself, and here are four dollars more, for which you may send your paper to my son out West, and my daughter down South, for they both like to get the news from the old home and you give more of it in one issue of your paper than I could write in twenty letters. That's all I've got to say to-day. Come out and see me when I begin to make cider, and bring a jug along if you've got one, and if you haven't, I've got one to lend you; good-bye."

And the Old Subscriber from up the creek went out with a smile upon his face that began just below his left ear and spread leisurely about over his face and then quietly meandered back to the place of beginning.

The village editor was about to pinch himself to see that he was really wide awake, when the cry of "copy!" came to his ears, and then he didn't think it necessary to pinch himself. He only folded up three crisp two-dollar bills and put them in his pocket with the beautiful thought that this world in which we live is not so bad a world as folks sometimes dream it is.

Fifty Thousand a Year.

To be sure, you've "only got a cold," "only a cough." "Be all over it in a few days." "Don't worry about me." Well, we won't. But 50,000 people die every year in the United States from consumption. And every soul of them began in that way. Better stop it now with Parker's Tonic. This remedy will expel the cold at once. may-1m

Minnie's Good-Bye.

FOR THE SOUTH KENTUCKIAN.

FAIRVIEW, KY., APRIL 30, 1885.

It has been said that, "the hope of return takes away the sting of adieu." This may be true in many instances of temporary absence but how far from true in a permanent move. It seems only a few years since the habit of friends and relatives was to visit at least once a year, though living many hundreds of miles apart and in different States and we are told such was the custom prior to the late civil war that old and young would exchange visits. Such visits were looked forward to with great pleasure and much preparation would be made to meet the occasion. How different now! It is true I and only to go a short distance, less than a dozen miles, yet it is to be permanent and that so far as the pleasure of these that I have become so much attached to, it means almost a final separation. How strange all this seems, I came to this place when but a child, and my stay here of 13 years I have become attached to every body and every thing reminds me of home with its dear associates. How reluctantly do we now give them all up, the young like myself who are soon to take the place of the venerable father and mother that have for so long borne the heat and burden of the day, and must ere long pass away, oh! how they will be missed and how hard it must be to take up the burden and work in their foot steps.

The time seems short with me that I have been greeted with your smiles of friendly recognition, yet it is this brief period I have learned to appreciate you and we are strangely drawn together by a secret attraction in obedience to that incomprehensible and powerful principle which Diety has so nicely implanted in the human heart, known as friendship. It was here that I enjoyed the privilege of receiving wholesome mental and moral training so necessary in preparing the mind and heart to continue successfully in the great conflict of life. I will miss you all, I will miss the old church bell that called together the true and good to their place of worship and how sadly will I miss the tone of the school bell which so often summoned us to assemble before the mastery teachers that have woven the very texture of our mental fabrics and set up those living currents of thought that flash along the labyrinthine network of our intellect. Never will reason hold its sway in my mind and gratitude has a lodgment in my heart will I cease to esteem, honor and revere my many friends in and around the village of Fairview. May your lives be prolonged to train by your good example the minds and purify the hearts of the many who will tread these paths in future time when you and I have grown old and are ready to quit the walks of life and the scenes of earth have faded from our vision. Would that my improvement in mind during my stay here were such as might be held up before the youth as bright, beautiful and faultless pictures and ask that you follow our foot-steps. Conscious of my many faults and deficiencies, I cannot do this but will leave it to you to improve. Duty knows no law save that of obedience. With this aim in view, I go with my dear parents that I may in some way endeavor to repay their parental care and lighten their burdens in the time of declining years. With duty before me and the hope of occasionally meeting with at least some of you, I go with no ill feelings or enmity toward any one but with the kindest of feelings for all and a sincere regret that I am to be parted from so many dear friends that have been a part of my life, and that our sociability will thus be ended gives me pain and makes me feel so sad. May a long, useful and happy life attend the old and young, one and all, of my dear friends is the sincere wish of your little friend,

MINNIE T. BROWN.

Kentucky Progress.

Calhoun, Ky., will probably have a new four mill. A. J. Wells, of Wadesboro, Ky., will have charge of it, if built.

The Granger Mill, Owensboro, Ky., have been changed to the roller system.

The Kentucky Freestone Company, organized at Lexington, Ky., to do quarrying has a capital stock of \$100,000.

Fowler & Bro., Hickman, Ky., will establish a co-operative factory.

W. J. Myers, Princeton, Ky., has given out contract for rebuilding his flour mill.

The Oakland Tannery Co., capital stock \$50,000, has been incorporated in Louisville, Ky.

The Southern Soap Co., has been incorporated in Louisville, Ky.; capital stock \$50,000.

The officers of the Stateford Coal Co., previously reported as organized at Kuttawa, Ky., are J. H. Pierce, Dayton, Ohio, President, Chas. A. Phillips, Dayton, Ohio, secretary and treasurer, and Samuel McElfrick Princeton, Ky., superintendent.

P. Leads, Master Mechanic of the Louisville & Nashville R. R., writes us that he thinks the rumored building of new shops at Louisville by the L. & N. R. R. is a mistake.

An \$18,000 college will probably be built in Mayfield, Ky. Rev. J. B. Briney can give particulars.

Blakeley, Stewart & Hankley will start a saw mill near Bainbridge, Ky.; have purchased machinery—Manufacturer's Record.

At Harrodsburg, at 10:30 o'clock Saturday night, Policeman Joe Crain attempted to arrest Jake Doneghy, colored, for drunkenness and bolsters conduct on the streets. Doneghy had been boasting that no policeman could take him, and resisted Crain, striking him instantly. Doneghy was considered a bad character and recently served a term in the penitentiary. The act was considered unavoidable.

The following Postmasters for Kentucky were appointed Monday: Taretton Hobbs, Anchorage, Jefferson county; Mrs. George Hay, Greenville, Muhlenburg county; D. Y. Foster, Morgantown, Butler, county.

THE TRIAL

OF

John T. Wright!

—THE—

MAIN STREET CLOTHIER.

A Separate Verdict From Each Juror:

1. I find that Jno. T. Wright's Clothing Store is the cheapest place in town.
2. I find that his Clothing is the best made.
3. I find that every customer is well treated.
4. I find that every one gets his money's worth there.
5. I find that all his goods are first-class.
6. I find that he has the best stock in town.
7. I find that his Clothing is of the most fashionable make.
8. I find that every one goes there for his Clothing.
9. I find that his prices are lowest.
10. I find that the quality of his goods is the best.
11. I find that his store is the most popular in town.
12. I agree with the other jurymen that "WRIGHT WRONGS NO ONE."

OPINION OF THE JUDGE:

In accordance with this verdict, I find JNO. T. WRIGHT

GUILTY

OF SELLING

Clothing, Gents' Furnishing Goods,

Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Etc.,

CHEAPER

Than any other House in Hopkinsville, Ky.

And fix his punishment at confinement in his store-room, on the Corner of Main and Bridge Streets, Hopkinsville, Ky., where he shall continue to serve the public during the coming season. And it is further ordered that John T. Wright shall receive within the next few days the largest stock of

Spring Goods, Clothing,

—AND—

FURNISHING GOODS

Ever brought to this city, and that he shall sell the same CHEAPER than they can be bought anywhere else in Hopkinsville. He will also take measures and

MAKE SUITS TO ORDER,

—Keeping a full line of—

Fine Samples Always on Hand.

(mar20-15.)

—GO TO—

NO. 2 WITHERS BLOCK

AND YOU WILL FIND ONE OF THE CHOICEST SELECTIONS OF

Staple and Fancy Groceries

—OFFERED FOR SALE BY—

CHARLES MCKEE & CO.,

who have by fair dealing and low prices and good goods built up a large trade. Free delivery, and goods delivered at any time. Call and examine our stock.

Pomroy's Liver Cure,

—THE GREAT REMEDY FOR—

SICK HEADACHE, DYSPEPSIA, AND LIVER COMPLAINT.

SOLD AT GAITHER'S PRESCRIPTION DRUG STORE.

POMROY'S VERMIFUGE

—IS SAFE AND SURE.—

TRY IT.

SOLD BY G. E. GAITHER AND J. R. ARMISTEAD.

LOUISVILLE BUGGY COMPANY,

MANUFACTURERS OF

All the latest styles of strictly first-class

Carriages, Barouches, Buggies and Phaetons.

We guarantee workmanship and material equal to any factory in the State. All work reliably warranted. Interested parties will consult their interests by inspecting our stock personally before buying. If at a distance, send for catalogue and general information.

Factory & Warehouse 317 & 319 So. Market St., Bet. 3d & 4th, Louisville, Ky.

C. W. DUCKER,

Fine Carriage Manufacturer,

Corner Virginia and Spring Sts.,

HOPKINSVILLE, - - - KENTUCKY

—MAKES TO ORDER—

Fine Carriages, Rockaways,

BUGGIES, &c., &c.

Repairing Vehicles A Specialty.